

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 2.—VOL. XXII.] FEBRUARY, 1878. [NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

CURRENT NOTES.

Don't preach charity and leave somebody else to practise it.

Do nothing you would not like God to see. Say nothing you would not like God to hear. Write nothing you would not like God to read.

LET young people remember that their good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness than the genius and talent of all the bad men that ever existed.

THE Arabs, who are of the race of Shem, say that the children of Shem are prophets, the children of Japhet, kings, and the children of Ham, slaves.

WE have just read of a little girl seven years of age, poisoned by a coloured slate pencil, which she bought. These pencils are too common, and parents should not allow young children to use them.

THAT was a beautiful idea expressed by a Christian lady on her death-bed, in reply to a remark of her brother, who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probably never again meet her in the land of the living. She answered:—"Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living. We are now in the land of the dying."

WE have just read of a brave girl and how she recently faced death. She was left alone with the care of a baby, and in lighting a lamp to heat milk, set her clothes on fire. She started to run out of doors, fearing the house and baby would be burned, but noticing that pieces of her burning clothes had dropped on the floor, she carefully extinguished them. She finally got out of doors and threw herself into a horse-trough, putting out the fire. She then returned to the house, and as patiently as her agony would permit, waited for her mother. When her mother returned she said: "Mother, I saved the house, but I shall die." She lived one hour and a half after the accident.

WHEN Charles Dickens said that all he had accomplished had been achieved by diligent, patient, persevering application, he only stated what has been the experience of every successful man. Nothing is more important to young men than that they should early learn and fully comprehend this great truth. It is step by step, by toilsome effort added to toilsome effort, that all great achievements are made. As has been well remarked, there is no royal road to anything else of great value in this life.

MANY a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe" when he is away at his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? O weary and faithful mother! you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

TRUST AND TRY.

SHOULD your trusted friend betray you,
Brother mine,
Deem not all men false, I pray you,
Brother mine.

Ever heed this truth divine:
That among life's motley crew
Hearts there are which still are true—
Hearts to feel for you—for you.

Should misfortune overtake you,
Try again;
Bolder let misfortune make you—
Try again;

You shall not strive all in vain.
Let your aim be pure and high—
Gentle hope still whispering nigh—
Brother, sit not down and sigh.

HENRIETTE'S DARKEST HOUR.

By BEATRICE A. JOURDAN.

"MY fête-day, can it be? It is! and I till this moment had forgotten it! Never, however, shall I forget it again. No. Tuesday, the 23rd of May, 1872, will remain for ever stamped upon my memory—burnt into it as with a hot iron. Oh! what a terrible day it is for my fête to have fallen on! Gustave doubtless has forgotten it. He has too many other things to think of. No matter, what does anything matter now?"

These despairing words were uttered by a young Frenchwoman, named Henriette Lebrun, as she paused in her restless paces to and fro, to look out of her sitting-room window, and catch, by straining her neck, a glimpse of a distant barricade. It was indeed a terrible day. Paris, after enduring all the sufferings of a long siege, ending in the triumph of her foreign invaders, was at present distracted by civil warfare, and although Henriette occupied apartments in a comparatively quiet quarter of the town, she was exposed to no small degree of personal danger. But she had already gone through so much that she was almost past caring about herself, heart and hope being crushed within her. She had seen her fragile mother fade away and die through sheer inability to eat the coarse and often repellant food which during the siege could alone be procured, and now, to add to her miseries, her only brother, Gustave, had become a leading member of the Communist party, and she had latterly been left almost entirely to the not very congenial society of an elderly woman, who had been her *bonne* in childhood, and had, since her mother's death, acted as a sort of *chaperon*.

Yet she wronged Gustave by imagining that he had forgotten her fête-day, for scarcely had she herself remembered it when the room-door burst open, and he suddenly appeared before her. His flushed face, torn coat, and a certain dark stain on his shirt-sleeves—the stain of blood—told from what scenes of conflict he had come, yet he entered with the assumption, at least, of light-

heartedness, and kissing her on the cheek, offered her his congratulations. In order to see her and assure himself of her safety, he had encountered difficulties of no common kind, but she could not help shrinking back from him as she exclaimed, "Oh! Gustave, you have been fighting?"

"Without doubt?" he answered, smiling. "But I am not killed yet, you see."

"No; not yet," she said half mechanically, "no—yet—not yet—but—Gustave, where are your arms?"

"Safe with a friend. Do you think I would come armed into the presence of a lady?"

"Oh, do not jest, it is too frightful. But I would not have you be seen armed by the people of this house, for they are not of your party."

"Ah, but everyone knows to what party I belong. The name of Gustave Lebrun will be handed down to posterity, my dear!"

"Will it?" said she rather doubtfully. "I heard to-day—what is the latest news, Gustave?"

"Bah! only this, those rascals have the Northern Railway-station in their hands now; they are taking every post they can."

"The Government party—I mean the Versaillists—are they? Every part? I am sorry for that. Their numbers have increased, then?"

Gustave shrugged his shoulders. "Yes; to some seventy thousand, not more. Never mind, we shall beat them even yet, and they will but gain for us the greater glory."

Henriette sighed, for she could not share at all in her brother's enthusiasm. True, he had often assured her that he was fighting not for the liberation of their country only, but of humanity at large, and that for the sake of this "humanity" she, a mere individual, ought to be willing to sacrifice her own selfish interests; but though the idea was very vast and might be very grand, it failed to excite in her any warmth of feeling, partly, perhaps, because she had a direct belief that she had as much right to happiness as any other of the "mere individuals" that form, after, all the sum total of humanity. To

self-sacrifice from a Christian motive she was a total stranger, and although she had no dislike of the Communist party as such, although she believed that the present struggle might terminate according to their wishes, there was a possible reverse to the picture, and as the thought of it rose up before her, she flung her arms around Gustave's neck and said with tears, "Oh that I could keep you with me! Even if you escape present danger, you may be defeated, and—."

"Well, and what then?" he said lightly, "defeated and shot by those rascals of the opposite party? Good, if it be so! I shall die, content, happy; die for the love of humanity."

"But think of me, Gustave; it is not humanity I love, it is you!"

"Ah, my poor little sister, you will be sorry, I know; but you will not grieve for ever, and for myself, what is there terrible in death? One pang, hardly that, perhaps, and then all will be over—all entirely."

Her tears ceased flowing and she released him from her clasp. "Yes, I know," she said, "there is nothing to hope for beyond. I thought otherwise once, but I know better now; nothing to hope for."

"Nor to fear," he added, yet he looked at her strangely. "Nothing beyond!" he repeated, presently; "you believe that then, do you, with regard to death?"

"Yes, you taught me so, and you must be glad."

But Gustave did not look glad. He fancied he had a sovereign contempt for death, and would have believed himself capable of facing it with a cigar in his mouth—as one of his own party actually did shortly afterwards—yet still, still he had a vague impression that religious hopes and fears, though nothing to him, were good for women in general, and therefore he hardly liked his sister's words.

"So you are an infidel," he said. "How is this? I thought while I was out fighting you would be at home praying, like a good little girl."

"Praying! to whom? You say they are old fables, those old stories of the Virgin and saints. What is the use of

praying if there is no one to hear? Oh, Gustave, is there anyone?" A wild light came into her eyes; she caught hold of his hand and held it almost imploringly.

"Ask Père Gregoire, not me!" he said. "A pretty thing to ask me now, when I have ten thousand important matters to think of. Nay, nay; I would not pain you, my dear, only you should be a reasonable woman. If the thought of praying makes you sad, put it away from you and think of it no more. You need all your courage and all your gaiety, too, for to-morrow, my little sister; you will see—oh, such things! Half Paris in flames, perhaps, unless—but I must tell no secrets. Keep up your heart, and do not let poor old Therese frighten you, or herself, to death. Remember we are fighting in a glorious cause, and that if we fall, we fall as martyrs. You loved the martyrs once, I know. Think then, you and I will be of that noble band."

He thought the consolation he was now administering must surely be after her own heart, but she only said, with a faint attempt at a smile, "I wish I could go with you, I should like to die fighting by your side."

"Die!" he cried in some provocation, "Why will you talk of dying? For my part, I have no fear. I mean to return to you safe and with glory. Will you like that, eh? But I have not a moment more to spare, Adieu, *au revoir, ma chère.*"

"*Au revoir,*" she echoed, and let him go without any further display of feeling, for she was, in fact, almost stupefied with grief.

The sweet spring twilight closed in and darkness fell on the distracted city; but there was no quiet sleep that night for its more peaceful inhabitants, and when morning came their terrors only heightened, for all Paris seemed then at the mercy of a lawless mob. Yet the increasing perils of her position had no effect in rousing Henriette from the lethargy into which she had fallen. She knew that the conflagrations which Gustave had hinted at, had begun. She heard the continual boom of cannon; but though, at times, her teeth chattered

involuntarily, she was conscious of little emotion beyond that of a sort of half envy of her old *bonne* Therese, who, crouching down in a corner of the room, told her beads and crossed herself incessantly. *She* could still pray. *She* could believe that somewhere above the sky the saints were looking down upon her pityingly, whereas Henriette felt utterly forsaken and forlorn. She had cast off her first faith, and did not know, poor girl, that she was pining for her Father.

Something roused her at last; news that her brother while attempting to keep possession of a barricade, had received a most dangerous wound. His comrades had been put to flight, but they had dragged him away with them, and had placed him for shelter in the underground cellar of a warehouse which had been turned into a temporary hospital for the sick and wounded. Thither Henriette insisted upon going, taking with her as an escort the young man who had informed her of her brother's danger. The walk was not long, scarcely exceeding a quarter of a mile; but in spite of the recklessness of her present mind, she was almost fainting with alarm when she reached her place of destination—a wine vault, low and vaulted, pervaded by a close earthy smell, and lighted only by a high iron grating, through which a ray of evening sunlight had struggled, dimly revealing the forms of some six or eight poor sufferers, who had been brought to this dreary shelter in order that they might be out of the reach of the cannon balls that whistled overhead.

While Henriette stood hesitating at the cellar door, a soft hand—the hand of a woman—was laid on hers, and a voice said in her ear, “My good girl, what *can* have brought you here? We are full already, we can take in no one more.”

“I am come to see my brother,” said Henriette; “you will let me see him, madame! He is Gustave Lebrun.” She thought so distinguished a name must carry weight with it, but the lady had evidently never heard it before.

“Gustave Lebrun,” she repeated. “Which is he? Ah, that fine young

man with a ball in his side, I fancy. My dear, it is a sad case, so you may stay—indeed, I would not send you away. But you must be very quiet.”

“I will; I promise. You are a sister of charity, I suppose?”

“No, I am not a sister; merely a lady acting as nurse. My name is Mademoiselle Delille, but if you like you may call me Sœur Julie; they all do so here. And now come with me and I will show you your poor brother. I will not conceal from you that his state is critical in the extreme. But you will try to be strong, try to bear it like a Christian, will you not my dear?”

To such a question Henriette had nothing to reply; but she repressed the cry of horror which rose to her lips when she found on what a poor comfortable bed her brother was lying. Sœur Julie had attended very skilfully to his wounds, and had done all she could to give him relief and ease, but the ball in his side could not be extracted, and he was evidently in great pain.

“You, Henriette!” was all the greeting he gave to his sister, and with tearless eyes she sat down on a broken bench beside him, wiping his brow continually, and moistening his parched lips with water.

No words passed between them for a long, long time, but at length—some two or three hours after nightfall—he attempted to speak, and she found to her amazement that he was asking for a priest.

“A priest,” she cried, involuntarily; “you want a priest? Impossible, Gustave!”

The exclamation seemed cruel to her as soon as she had uttered it, and she perceived it was thought cruel also by Sœur Julie who, lamp in hand, had drawn near to look at Gustave.

“Poor fellow!” said the kind nurse gently, “we have no means of procuring a priest. But why should you wonder at his wishing for one, my child? Is he not a Catholic?”

“No, madame; we are of no religion.”

“Ah, so you think perhaps, but—My poor young man, did you wish for a priest really?”

"For her sake—for my sister's." murmured Gustave, ashamed of his own desire. He knew that he was dying and had a vague feeling that a priest might comfort him, and also that it was as well to be on the safe side, in case there should be something in religion after all. Mademoiselle Delille suspected this, but she said merely, "I wish I could procure you the consolation you need, but alas! it is impossible. I cannot send for a priest. Still, will you not try to remember one thing—that your Father is here, and that you are in His hands?"

"My father?" said Gustave, almost inarticulately.

"Yes—you have a father, or had one once. Was he not kind to you? and did you not feel when you were a little child, that you could have put your hand in his, and gone with him fearlessly wherever he might lead, though it might be to a strange place? a place strange to you only, remember—not to him at all. And yet, my dear young man," and stooping down, she touched with motherly tenderness his moist brow, "What can the love of an earthly father be, compared with the love of our Father in heaven?"

"Ah, but we never thought of Him in that way," whispered Henriette.

"Madame, are you a Catholic?"

"No, not a Catholic, but, thank God! a Christian."

"Then, then—I do not understand—do you pray to the saints?"

"No. I worship as He has taught us to worship, who came to show us the Father. My poor young man, let the thought of Him and His Father, and your Father, be to you as a pillow of rest."

Sœur Julie spoke very softly, in order not to disturb the other patients, but a faint "thank you!" broke from Gustave's lips. He felt soothed, almost without knowing why, while to Henriette the words to which she had been listening were like a ray piercing her deep mental darkness. "If I could believe as you do, I could bear anything, anything," she said, "even to see." She broke down suddenly, a flood of tears coming to her relief, and Sœur Julie, as she kissed her, whispered,

"You will believe by and by, I have little doubt. It is God Himself who has put into your heart your yearning after Him."

The hours dragged on, the lamp went out, and morning broke—a dawn so dull that its cold light hardly penetrated through the iron grating. Henriette could not see her brother's face, but she sat beside him still, half hoping that he slept, and afraid even of moving a finger lest she should disturb him. "My dear," said Sœur Julie, approaching her, "You must think of yourself a little, for you must be growing sadly tired. I am free now, that poor man at the other end of the cellar has just died," and she passed, and touched Gustave, holding her, breath suspended, while she listened for his breathing. "It is as I thought," she presently said, "my poor child, your brother suffers no longer."

* * *

It was the second anniversary of Gustave's death, peace had long been restored to Paris. A peace such as she once had never dreamed of was dwelling in the heart of Henriette Lebrun. Religion was now a constant source of happiness to her, though her reserved disposition prevented her from talking about it, except to Mademoiselle Delille, whose home for the last twelvemonth she had shared. "Life has been a different thing," she said, as the friends went together to place a wreath of immortelles on Gustave's grave, an "entirely different thing since I have dared to believe and hope. In childhood I did believe of course, I believed all that the priests taught me, and I loved praying to the Virgin, for I thought she must pity me because she was sweet and good, I never thought of the love and pity of God. But my faith, such as it was, was infinitely better than nothing, and when I had cast it off my misery was inexpressible. My very darkest hour was just before I knew you. Yes, before dear Gustave died. You gave me something to sustain me then—through that terrible time, but before I had nothing!"

"Poor girl!" said Julie, compassionately, "was it your brother who made you an unbeliever?"

"Yes; but he was not one himself—deep down in his heart. All his friends were so, they talked against religion, I listened when they did not know. I had no one to tell my doubts to, except my good confessor, Père Gregoire, and he treated them all as wicked, and Gustave as more wretched still. I could not bear that, for my brother was not wicked, but good, he was indeed. No doubt he was foolish, but he wished to serve humanity, and it was that which led him to be a Communist. He was very unselfish, you know, and I often think what a noble man he might have become had he but lived—only lived!" A sorrowful look came into Henriette's face, but it passed away as she stooped down and pressed her lips to the stone that bore her brother's name. "*Lived*, but he does live," she softly said, "all live unto Him."

BIBLE ARITHMETIC.

ADDITION.—Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.—II. Pet. i. 5-7.

SUBTRACTION.—Laying aside all malice and guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speaking. . . desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby.—I. Pet. ii. 1-2.

MULTIPLICATION.—Grace and peace be unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord.—I. Pet. 1-2.

He that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness.—II. Cor. ix. 10.

DIVISION.—Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing and I will receive you, and will be father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.—II. Cor. vi. 17, 18.

RULE OF THREE.—Now abideth faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity.—I. Cor. xiii. 13.

SCHOOL IN THE KITCHEN.

A LADY living at Hampstead had a young servant, an active, clever, capable, amiable, and obliging girl; she was liked by every one in the house, and by some people out of the house. She told her mistress one day that she was engaged to marry the baker; they were to be married as soon as he had got money enough to open a little shop. She hoped it would not be before very long; she meant to lay by every penny she could, and when she was married she would work with all her heart to help both in the house and in the business.

"Can you keep the books for him?" asked the lady.

No, she could not do that; she was not scholar enough.

Then the lady thought within herself—"It will be a great shame to me, if I have had this girl living in my house for two years and more, and send her away so ignorant that she cannot keep the books in a little shop. I really must set to work and teach her."

So she offered to help her with some writing and sums. Ellen accepted only too gladly, and the other servant, though she had not any immediate prospect of a baker, thought that a little such knowledge might be useful to her, and was grateful for being asked if she would like to learn at the same time.

Now there was another person who lived in this house, an old nurse. She had been the lady's nurse when the lady was a child, and now she lived on with her as housekeeper, lady's maid, and general guardian of everything. As long as her nurseling was a child she had always called her by her Christian name, but that would not do now that she was a married lady, and yet to call her by her married name, Mrs. Stone, sounded too formal for the loving and familiar old nurse, so she invented a pet name of her own, and always called her mistress "Wife."

When nurse heard of this arrangement for teaching, she said, "And mayn't I learn too, Wife?"

"Wife" was nothing loth. They found a convenient hour when the master of the house was engaged and

did not want his wife's company, and when the pressing business of the day was over. Then the mistress went down into her kitchen, copy-books and slates were got out, and daily she instructed her little school in the art of making "Up strokes thin, down strokes thick, turnings round and thin;" also in the mysteries of the "carrying figure," of "borrow and pay back again," "multiply and divide."

This went on for several months, till the baker's shop was opened and Ellen established therein as mistress. And greatly relieved was the baker to find that his wife was so well able to take all the charge of the books off his hands.

This happened many years ago, and since then Mrs. Stone has sent many young servants out from her house, each raised a little and able to do a higher and more valuable share in the world's work.

Ellen learnt her lesson well, and saw how useful and valuable a mistress's teaching is, so she took care that of the many little maids who came in quick succession to help her with her many babies and in the shop, not one of them left her without having learnt something that should put her forward in life.

HEROD'S BIRTHDAY.

It has been remarked that only two birthdays are recorded in the Bible, and that each of these was signalised by an execution. On Pharaoh's birthday the chief baker was hanged; when Herod's birthday was kept John the Baptist was beheaded in the prison. This holy and courageous martyr to the truth was, at the instigation of a profligate and vindictive woman, deprived of life in the summary way which characterises Eastern despotism. The mandate goes forth, and it is promptly obeyed. There is no enlightened public opinion, and there is no sense of responsibility to it. Pharaoh and Herod were lavish of human life, for their will was their law.

But it is with Herod rather than with the Egyptian monarch that we have now to do, and it may not be amiss to see who Herod was, and what was his great sin as connected with his birthday.

There is more than one Herod mentioned in the New Testament history. The Herod now before us was surnamed Antipas, and he was son to Herod the Great, the cruel king of Judea, who, half Jew and half heathen, ruled the province under the Roman emperor, being both hated and feared by his subjects. Herod Antipas was Tetrarch of Galilee, and a good part of the Perar, or the country beyond the Jordan. He reigned by the will of the Romans, and was accountable to the emperor. This was during our Lord's ministry. John the Baptist preaching much at the same time, Herod was early attracted to John, and received him favourably at the court. The Tetrarch, though cunning, rapacious, and licentious, was not wholly bad. At times he felt persuaded to a more virtuous course of action, but his temper was fitful and wayward, and his passions overpowered his judgment. He was the Ahab of his day, as his paramour Herodias may be fitly classed with Jezebel. Herod was at this period living in adulterous intercourse with Herodias, his brother's wife. John, with righteous indignation, denounced this crime, and thus excited the bad feelings of one of the most abandoned of women. She caused her partner in guilt to throw the Baptist into prison, from whence he never came again, save through the gates of death.

The royal birthday at length arrived. There was much festivity in the palace of Machærus, in the stronghold of which the prisoner was confined, but all above was pomp and revelry. Salome, the daughter of Herodias, danced before the guests. Ladies of condition in the East very rarely thus indulge themselves or others, and the condescension of this young girl was therefore most highly applauded. Herod himself was touched by the compliment thus publicly paid, and in token of his warm approval, made a rash promise, confirmed by an oath, to give whatever she might demand, even to the half of his kingdom, a promise of which he had speedily reason to repent, for the damsel, much to his astonishment, and probably to that also of the assembled guests, demanded the head of John to

be brought to her in a charger or dish. To this horrible request she had been instigated by her mother.

The king was sorry, deeply sorry, but what, he thought, could he do? To deny would be to break his pledged word; to comply would fill his mind with the most bitter remorse. The alternative was cruel, was dreadful. But he had already gone far in sin, to go back was as hazardous, if not more so than to proceed, and proceed he did. He added this above all, he not only shut up John in prison, but he put him to death. Up to this time Herod had done much that was wrong as well as much that was foolish, especially in his rash oath, but his hands had not been stained with the blood of the holy Baptist. Now all was over. This terrible crime must be committed because he could not bear to lower himself in the eyes of his courtiers by breaking his word, could not endure the reproaches and probable desertion of Herodias, and so the terrors of an accusing conscience were henceforth his portion.

This memorable birthday reads some awful but salutary lessons, particularly to young persons. It shows the dangers of a life of dissipation, and of indulging in pleasures which lead to excess, and looking on wine when it is red, and being tempted by it beyond the limits of sobriety. It was during a period of riotous mirth that Herod was trapped into the commission of a dreadful deed. Again, let us be warned against making ill-considered promises. Rash vows have been the ruin of very many souls. Herod's vow was as rash as may well be conceived. But once more, was he bound to keep this vow in the sense demanded by Herodias, though from the lips of her daughter? We say most certainly not, and for the plain reason that he was under a previous obligation to the contrary. The divine law had said, "Thou shalt not kill," and to kill John was a flagitious crime. Foolish, sometimes inexcusably foolish, it is to make rash promises, but where, to fulfil such promise, sin must be committed, then to keep it is very wicked. Better to break a thousand foolish vows than to perform one of them

at the expense of morality—of the commands of God. Let us take heed to our ways that we sin not with our tongues, and whilst we pray not to be led into temptation, carefully shun every road conducing thereto, that thus we may be delivered from evil—the evil that is to come.

MAKE CHILDREN USEFUL.

THE energy which some children manifest in their mischievous pranks may be made to subserve useful and instructive purposes. Little odds and ends of employment may be given them—work suited to their small capabilities may be assigned them—and under judicious direction and considerate encouragement, their little heads and hands can accomplish much, and that gladly. The bright little ones who would "help" mamma should not be repelled with a harsh word, but some simple task should be devised for their occupation, and some trifling thing, so very great to them, should be the reward of its performance.

As a general rule, give your children something to do. A daily employment of some kind will exercise their minds healthfully, and develope elements of usefulness and self-reliance which may prove incalculably valuable to their manhood and womanhood. Miserable is the plea urged by some that they "have not the time" to look after their children. No such pretext can divest them of the grave responsibilities which the having of children imposes. The laws of God and of humanity demand of parents the best care and training for their children they can bring into exercise. How many poor wretches there are taxing society with their maintenance, who owe their worthlessness and sins to the negligence of their parents, in developing and directing good natural endowments for lives of industry and independence! But such qualities in children need the guidance of a discreet parent. Mismanagement and neglect easily lead to their perversion, and the ruin of a life which otherwise might have been a splendid success.

TWENTY PROPOSITIONS CONCERNING THE ATONEMENT.

1. MAN was alienated from, unreconciled to God "by wicked works."

2. The purpose of the atonement is "to bring us to God," reconcile us to Him.

3. The atonement is the effect or form of the divine love and not its cause.

4. God is reconciled to us when we are reconciled to Him. He reconciles us to Himself by the life, teachings and sufferings of Jesus Christ.

5. By a perfect sorrow for our sin and a perfect obedience to the Divine will. Christ makes peace between us and God, but only to the extent that we are partakers of that sorrow and that obedience.

6. The immediate object of the atonement is to deliver us from sin, not its penalties; Christ "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."

7. Every sin deserves an adequate but not a specific punishment, either as to degree or duration.

8. Punishment begins when men turn away from God, and continues till they return to Him; it is not reserved to a particular time in the sinner's career.

9. Punishment is so indissolubly associated with sin that there can be no escape from it, nor can there be any substitute for it.

10. The atonement does not make forgiveness possible with God, it is rather a declaration of His antecedent forgiving love.

11. Forgiveness removes the sense of guilt, the sting of sin, its chief punishment. Certain natural effects of sin can be eliminated only by a righteous life.

12. As there could be no dishonour in God's forgiving repentant sinners the law never needed to be "honoured," in the sense that "something must be done to maintain the dignity of the Divine government."

13. Christ could not satisfy the Divine justice by enduring the penalties of violated law, since justice demands that each sinner should suffer for his own transgressions.

14. Genuine repentance, implying reformation, is the only thing which can be a satisfaction to God for our past sins.

15. The sufferings of Christ were not penal; he neither deserved nor received punishment.

16. The sufferings of Christ were "chastisement" only in the sense that he voluntarily endured them for the benefit of others.

17. Christ's sufferings were the necessary result of his love for man, his sympathy with a sin burdened world, and his desire to save that humanity with which he so closely identified himself.

18. The sufferings of Christ were vicarious, but not substitutionary. He suffered in our behalf, not instead of us.

19. "Christ's voluntary sacrificial chastisement" cannot be "substituted for man's punishment." We do not need a substitute for punishment, but to put away our sin.

20. The sufferings of Christ were not "expiatory" in that they constituted "an adequate reason for the remission of an incurred penalty;" God cannot remit a penalty. The only possible expiation of our sin is our repentance and an amended life.—*Universalist*.

HYMN.

O God! I'm but a little child—
What can I know of Thee?
I only know that Thou art good,
And very good to me.
For Thou hast given me all I have,
And all I care for here—
My life and home, my food and clothes,
My friends and brethren dear.
This wondrous world, in which I live—
The sun that shines by day;
The moon and stars that shine by night,
And light me on my way;
All living things that meet my eye,
Around, below, above,
Each flower and plant, each bird and beast,
Declare Thy constant love.
And Thou hast put within my soul
A light to lead me still—
A voice to guide me evermore,
And tell me of Thy will.
O may I strive, while here on earth,
Each fleeting hour I spend,
To love and serve Thee better still—
My Father and my Friend.

Belfast, Nov. 23rd, 1877.

D. T.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

A CELEBRATED writer has said, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." And the Jesuits assert that if they have the entire control of a child for the first seven years of his life, Protestantism may do its best, but with no avail.

Without granting in the fullest extent the truth of these remarks, there is sufficient force in them to cause grave and important consideration. If youth is so susceptible to moulding, and middle life is so fixed in its lines and attitudes, it becomes us to ask, as a matter of vital importance, what means shall be taken to guide and control the amusements of the young so as to conduce to their highest good.

Why should man, the highest of God's creation, be denied the happiness and recreation which He gives to the rest, even to the lowest? Look at the young of every other animal. What grace of motion, what variety of voice, what overflow of happiness, what infinity of enjoyment? Youth seems to be endowed with an exuberance of delight that must find expression in some way, and almost always in company with its own kind. If denied that, it has recourse to something else. The full spring will, if you wish, fill your cup with sparkling water; but flow it must, even though its life-giving waters run to waste.

Social enjoyment, then, becomes a topic, not only of interest, but of vital importance to parents and the community at large, for its necessities are founded in the very conditions of life. "It is not good for man to be alone," is the language of nature as well as of Scripture. Place a child among persons much his seniors, deprive him of the means of amusement peculiar to his age, especially of company of his own capacity, and see what kind of a youth you will have. It must be of such that Shakspeare was thinking when he wrote, "Why should a man, whose blood is warm within his veins, sit like his grand-sire cut in alabaster?"

During the age of dolls and kites, all goes on very well. The judicious parent will supply proper toys as he

does proper food, and leave the rest to nature. Nor is the ball and croquet age a dangerous one, for though the excitement may be great at first, it is apt to settle into a mild type that does best when left to itself. But the social amusements where the young of both sexes meet, as meet they must and meet they will, how are these to be guided and controlled? Perhaps in no part of a young person's life is there need of so much thoughtful and judicious care as in this. The blind, ungoverned, undisciplined impulses of youth must not be thwarted but trained, must not be looked upon as evidences of sinfulness, to be destroyed like poisonous weeds, but as evidences of power to be cultivated and converted into instruments of good. And just here lies the danger on both sides. The young, feeling acutely the spur of emotion, chafe at the curb of reason. The old, having outlived and, unfortunately sometimes, outloved the roystering time of youthful folly, and jogging along with the sober pace of life, are impatient at the ardour and impetuosity of the young, and wonder at what they themselves have been. Compromises in general are dangerous, for they are apt to imply a yielding of principle—always if made in politics—but just here there should be a righteous compromise. The young should remember that age must come; the old that youth has been. It would certainly look very ridiculous for mature cats to race after a ball or play with a feather with the ardour they did when kittens, and it would look even more ridiculous for kittens to put on the airs of an ancient tabby and wink and doze on a cushion before the fire. But we cannot help admiring that wise provision of nature, by which the cat sometimes steps down from the pedestal of her dignity and bestows a caressing pat on her frolicsome offspring, or runs a race with it for the rolling ball or the flying paper.

The providing of home amusement is a topic worthy of serious thought. The fireside must be made pleasant, the social circle must be formed not of iron links but of golden, or the young soul will break them and seek enjoyment elsewhere. Intellectual food though of

the best quality is not sufficient—the mind must be refreshed as well as instructed. But beyond the home circle the thoughts of the young will grope for enjoyment with a hunger that will feed on hurtful food if proper nourishment be not provided.

What these various amusements must be is not for any one person to decide. They must be determined by intelligent foresight into the needs of the young and adjusted to time and place. It is by no means difficult to draw a dividing line between those that are positively hurtful and those that are entirely innocent. Some are decidedly of doubtful tendency, especially those involving great personal familiarity between the sexes; yet, strange to say, many good and decorous persons tolerate only these, and condemn many that are perfectly harmless.

It cannot be denied that many amusements may be so perverted and abused as to become pernicious; but the abuse of a thing is by no means an argument against its proper use. The condition of a glutton is an argument against gluttony, and not against satisfying the demands of hunger; and if a person faints from the fatigue of a short walk, the fault is chargeable not to the walk but to the condition of the system before the walk.

So with amusements. There is need of training and restraint here as in other branches of education. It is a well established fact that those who have been debarred from proper participation in amusements will, when the restraint is removed, be far more likely to go to the opposite extreme and make dissipation of what should have been simply amusement.

Music at home in company with well-selected friends; attending a pleasant half-impromptu party without the glitter of show, the rivalry and heart burnings of display, a party where song and dance and harmless games abound, would keep many a young man from haunts that lead to sin, would draw him from the street and the drinking saloon; would hold many a young girl within the charmed circle of home, while siren voices outside would be harmless to tempt her. It is a mistaken, a per-

nicious idea, that amusements and religion are incompatible. A young person is not necessarily devoid of heavenly graces because possessed of grace of motion; nor is a good voice for singing inconsistent with fervent piety.

Let fathers look less to money-getting, and mothers less to dress and display, and let intelligent amusements be provided for their children.

Fine houses and costly furniture may exert an influence on the taste of the young, but a more powerful influence is found in the pleasures that cluster around the fireside; in the happy hours whose memory in after years will hallow the home and bind its members, scattered though they be, in the golden links of love, will turn back to the path of duty the erring footsteps of the young, and cast a halo around the tottering steps of the aged.

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have coloured the lives of most of us, have given the germs of whatever poetry blesses our hearts, whatever of memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and schoolmaster, the rays which make that little day we call life radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearthstone.

F. L. CURTIS.

TAKE COURAGE, LAD.—What if you are an humble, obscure apprentice—a poor neglected orphan—a scuff and a by-word for the thoughtless and gay, who despise virtue in rags because of its tatters? Have you an intelligent mind, untutored though it be? Have you a virtuous aim, a pure desire and an honest heart? Depend upon it some of these days you will be wanted. The time may be long deferred—you may be grown into manhood, and you may even reach your prime ere the call is made; but virtuous aims, pure desires and honest hearts are too few not to be appreciated—not to be wanted. Your virtue shall not always hide you as a mantle—obscurity shall not always veil you from the multitude. Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances. Be active, however small your sphere of action. It will surely enlarge with every moment, and you will have continued increase.

THE MODERN PULPIT.

A LADY friend of ours has had a ramble among the Churches, and she has heard strange and conflicting doctrines. Her experience has been put by herself into the following lines:—

Oh, what a motley lot of teachers
The men we commonly call preachers !
Some take us round, and round, and round,
Then up the heights, then underground,
To prove, at last, we nothing know—
Except, perchance, it may be so.
Philosophers like these are able
To tell of legend and of fable ;
They say that God could never do
The things our fathers thought were true ;
That we of wisdom have such store,
We know their faith was childish lore.
But then, they give us nothing stable,
Instead of legend and of fable.

[Besides, our fathers' faith, though wrong,
Must have had in it something strong.
At least, they suffered loss and pain,
And even counted death as gain,
That they might more God's love attain—
But what was this to power of brain?]

Others will tell us they have found
Doctrines which they are sure are sound.
They speak of Christ, and his salvation,
Man's sin, God's wrath, and condemnation;
Then, summing up, they gravely tell
Of endless misery in hell;
And though (of course) they won't be in it,
The world's in danger every minute.

[But the great world's heart lies out of
reach
Of anything like these forms of speech.]

Others, the Apostles have succeeded—
And, surely, this is all that's needed ;
With such great power, and such creden-
tials,

They come to teach us all essentials.
So, knowing well the seeds of truth
Grow strongest sown in early youth,
They take your infant son or daughter,
And sprinkle it with a little water ;
Then tell you'ts free from earthly leaven,
And made an heir of the kingdom of
heaven.

[This is one of the truths of the Church of
the nation—
The glorious Church of the Reformation.]

Then we go to a Church where we find a
priest,
With pictures, and images—facing the
east—

He has gown and sash, and banner and
cross,
And he tells you all other teaching is dross,

Save that of *his* Church, of which the Pope
Is the head, the life, the strength, and hope.
Such marvellous power this priest has he,
If you go to confession, he sets you free
From every sin of every degree.

And though we can never ourselves for-
give,
For a sin committed, as long as we live,
Yet over the conscience he rides rough-
shod,
To stand between the soul and God.

[May God forgive his folly and weakness,
And give him the spirit of Christ—which
is meekness.]

This is only a type. You may multiply
these

Over and over again, as you please,
'Till the old-world question, What is truth?
Comes to you again with the vigour of
youth.

And so it must be, till the brain and the
heart

More fully and equally do their part.
We need the judgment, clear and strong,
To define the right and denounce the
wrong ;

But judgments have erred, and another
light

May sometimes lead us nearer right.
It has nothing in it that words can reveal,
Beyond this, that we say it is what we feel.
These powers, if they could but rightly
blend,

And harmonise to one great end,
Might help to solve what so many sages
Have been trying to solve through all the
ages

Truth has its springs far out of sight ;
It is pure, and deeper than wisdom's flight
Will ever fathom, with all its might.
Like a tree, with its trunk and branches
high,

It ever tends from the earth to the sky.
Though the wintry winds may strip it of
leaves,

It still stands firm ; because it receives
From the root, which is hid beneath the
ground,

All that it needs to keep it sound.

So truth lives on, and is only revealed
To the reverent seeker in its great field.
To the lowly mind and the humble soul,

It is like the needle to the pole ;
And as sure as the needle points that way,

Will never, never lead it astray.

The kingdom of God and truth is within—
The truth that aids in the conflict with sin

Lies hid from the world, and worldly
powers,

But comes to the weakest in darkest hours.
It comes not in whirlwind, noise, or shock,
Its silence and strength are compared to a
rock ;

And in times of sorrow, and sadness, and fear,
 The mind finds refuge and shelter here.
 It is hope in life, it is joy in death,
 For its essence is, "The Almighty saith;"
 And this again and again He saith,
 "Child of humanity, where is thy faith?
 Would'st thou but listen when I speak,
 The truth were never far to seek;
 Ever upspringing, though often down-trod,
 Like life, it is hid with Christ in God."

HAND-SHAKING AS A MEANS OF GRACE.

I MAINTAIN that shaking of hands, rightly administered, is a means of grace. You, my dear sir, are established, and every one knows you to be a solid man. There is a man beside you just fighting his battle and making his way. You know him and nod to him. Take him by the hand, my dear sir; it will do him good; and if he was cast down a little, as good men will sometimes be, it may encourage him. "Our minister shook hands with me." What made that bulky fellow, too big to be a boy, too raw to be a man, announce that fact so loudly when he went home? The truth is, for sensible effect on him it was more than the sermon.

John Smith has been a hard drinker, but is trying fairly to get out of it. Going down the village street he meets Mr. Brown, who is "boss at the works above." Mr. Brown shakes hands with "Mr. Smith," in sight of the entire village. Does that do Smith any good? I tell you it is as good to him as one of Mr. Gough's admirable lectures. It says as plainly as if Mr. Brown had written it, "Mr. Smith, you have only to take care of yourself and you will be a respectable man in spite of all." That makes Smith strong, and when he goes to church next Sabbath, and looks over at Mr. Brown, he will find it easier to believe God's most loving word, "Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." So "shake hands and be friends," at market, in the street, and above all, at church. I presume the apostle meant something when he said, "Greet the brethren with an holy kiss."
 —MRS. SAWYER.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PENNY BANKS IN SCHOOLS.

FROM A PAPER BY G. J. C. BARTLEY.

The learning of the real use of Money.
 —Perhaps few practical lessons in life are often acquired with greater difficulty. What many people earn by hard labour they seem to be altogether ignorant of how to use with advantage.

The appreciation of the Importance of Small Things.—This may be said to be thrift, and so it is; but it is important enough to be specially mentioned. It is an old saying, that if we take care of the pence the pounds will take care of themselves; but few practically realise this in its literal sense, and fewer still act upon it. The power of pence is often theoretically but not practically understood. Few qualities could tend to reduce poverty and distress in after-life more than acquiring, through the agency of the school penny bank, an appreciation of the importance of small things.

The habit of Restraining Present Indulgence for Future Advantage.—This habit lies at the bottom of all social improvement. No doubt the natural tendency is for most of us to enjoy at once what we have, as the child's is to spend all his pence immediately in sweets. We learn by experience that this is not wise, but that it affords us less real pleasure than a careful and judicious husbanding of our resources.

The Inculcation of Unselfish Habits.
 —Beside the last quality the virtues of unselfishness may be inculcated by the uses of the penny bank. The habit of saving, and the consequent possession of a sum of money—even though it be but small—spared from present indulgence, and available at any time for any emergency, may often enable the holder to do a kind and useful act to a parent, a relation or a friend. Children frequently, when any misfortune happens, wish they could do something, however small, to show their sympathy. They often do much very tenderly and nicely by acts of kindness, but they frequently regret that they have spent all their pence as they had them, as otherwise they would have been able to get such an article which would be of use,

This is a feeling much to be encouraged, and their little accounts at the school penny bank will be found of great value. Those children who have such accounts will be able to carry out their wishes, and have earned the pleasure of doing so.

The Habit of Banking.—The inculcation of the habit of banking must be mentioned—not a few persons have an idea that the way to save is to hoard up money in some place of concealment. The Post-office Savings' Bank has done much to get rid of this notion, but it exists largely still. The presentation of a Post-office Savings' Bank book, or a national penny bank book, on a child's leaving a school, may form one of the best possible presents or prizes that can be given him.

The Habit of Independence and Self-reliance.—Nothing promotes the feeling of independence and self-reliance more than the knowledge that we possess of our own a resource for any emergency that is likely to occur. If the habit of forming a reserve fund is (as it will be in many if not in most cases) continued after leaving school, independence and self-reliance will become the characteristic of the child. Instead of the miserable habit of reliance on others, either from charity or from the parish on the first week of illness, or immediately on being out of work, the young man and woman will feel that they have something of their own to enable them to weather the storm of adversity or trouble. Living from hand to mouth without any such provision is like going to sea in an open boat. The least ripple is alarming, whilst a wave over which we should ride with ease in a suitably provided craft would swamp us altogether, and oblige us to depend for safety on the accident of others being near us and able to assist us. This feeling is altogether incompatible with independence and self-reliance, qualities which must form the backbone of social progress and individual happiness and comfort.

HANDLING TRUTH.—A witness in the box, in reply to a question as to what the character of Mr. ——— was for truth and veracity, said, "Well, I should say that he handles truth carelessly."

A LETTER FROM SIGNOR CAMPANELLA.

He writes:—"I have just read in your CHRISTIAN FREEMAN an interesting notice of the 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas More. It reminds me of a noble work on a similar subject by the martyr to science in the fifteenth century, Tommasi Campanella, 'La Citta del Soli' (The City of the Sun). It was written in the prison of the Inquisition, in which he had been confined 27 years; seven times tortured, he still was firm in the truths he had discovered, and said to his tormentors, 'Leave me, I will make you go on land without horses, and on the sea without sails.'

"The brutal Inquisitors laughed at these prophetic words of the inspired philosopher, and continued their infamous blows. But with superhuman courage, when he was at length liberated, he was constrained to say, 'In vain, in vain, oh tyranny, thou labourest and arimest thyself against the just! If he live thou lovest, and if he die, a light goes forth of Deity, from the body by thee destroyed. So that thy darkness no more prevails.'"

A TRIP TO DEMERARA.

AFTER you leave Tobago, the last of the West Indian islands, your proximity to Demerara is made known to you by the change in the appearance of the sea, which now passes from a beautiful azure colour to one of dark mud. This is caused by the mighty rivers such as the Orinoco and Esquibo, which bring down vast quantities of mud along their course and into the sea which is affected thereby for a distance of a hundred miles. Demerara, in its settled parts along the coast, is most unprepossessing. On the sea coast, it is extremely flat, the land being actually below sea level, the inroads of the latter being kept out by dykes, which were constructed by the Dutch—the former masters. You land at Georgetown, a place of picturesque appearance. The houses are constructed of wood, the framework being placed above the surface of the ground on brick pillars, which are sometimes 18ft. high. It is done to avoid the malarious damps arising from the ground, and to check the ingress of insects somewhat, and to

get a good draught into the houses, which are of a very open character. Access is obtained by steps. Few white people are to be seen, but many negroes, of whom both sexes are said to be averse to work, the men spending much of their time leaning against posts, the women varying their lounging by frequently beating and scolding their children. The work of the colony is mainly done by Coolies from the East Indies, who have been brought over to the number of something like 100,000. The negroes are always black of some shade, whilst the Coolies are distinguishable by their being of a reddish brown hue. The most curious of the inhabitants is John Chinaman; he is, however, to be respected. Aborigines are but little met with, and the white population but little of an European character, being mostly Portuguese from the Madeira Islands. For variety of races and population three places in the world stand pre-eminent, Victoria in Vancouver's Island, Singapore, and George Town; but the palm is perhaps borne by the latter. Sugar estates vary in extent from 600 to 3000 acres. The sugarcane crop is very much like gigantic grass some 8ft. or 9ft. high, and it takes some twelve months to ripen. The canes when cut down are thrown into punts and taken by canals or trenches (which intersect the county and were made by the Dutch), and then crushed to a pulp between massive rollers. The juice obtained is first treated with lime, sulphur, &c., to prevent acetous fermentation, and is then boiled. Placed in huge wire baskets it is denuded of moisture by centrifugal force and becomes the crystallised Demerara sugar of commerce. From two to seven white men are employed on an estate as overseers of the coolies. The latter are well provided for, and imported under stringent government regulations. In a few years they amass what is to them a comfortable sum of money, with which they often return to their own country. The eighteen miles of railway pass through marshy, uncultivated land, the home of pestilential poisons which produce the dreaded yellow fever. Intense is the silence and solitude of a journey up the river

Esquibo by boat in the daytime, between dense walls of vegetation on either bank, through the bush, by which a dismal shadow is thrown on the water; all the silence is lost between sunset and sunrise, when the air is vocal with the sounds of insects, of frogs, monkeys, parrots, jaguars, tiger cats and other wild animals. The chief glories of Demerara are the spider monkeys, the howling monkeys, marmosets, humming and other birds of brilliant plumage: the Tarantula spiders, enormous cockroaches, mosquitoes, sandflies, ants and termites; the vampire bats and carrion vultures; and the Manata or species of seal, which has a face of human appearance, and is probably the origin of the fable of the mermaid.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

SAD is the heart of the mother,
Who sits by the lonely hearth,
Where never again the children
Shall waken their songs of mirth;
And still, through the painful silence,
She listens for voice and tread,
Outside of the heart—there only
She knows that they are not dead!

Here is the desolate cradle,
The pillow so lately pressed,
But far away has the birdling
Flown from its little nest.
Crooning the lullabies over
That once were her babe's delight,
All through the misty spaces
She follows its upward flight.

Little she thought of a moment
So gloomy and sad as this,
When close to her heart she gathered
Her child for its good-night kiss.
She should be tenderly cherished,
Never a grief should she know;
Wealth, and the pride of a princess,
These would a mother bestow.

And this is the darling's portion
In heaven, where she has fled;
By angels securely guarded,
By angels securely led.
Brooding in sorrowful silence
Over the empty nest,
Can you not see through the shadows
Why it is all for the best?

Better the heavenly kingdom
Than riches of earthly crown;
Better the early morning flight
Than one when the sun is down;
Better an empty casket
Than jewels besmirched with sin;
Safer than those without the fold
Are those that have entered in.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A COLLECTION HINT.—The situation, says the *Methodist*, was comprehended by the Georgia coloured preacher who said: "We have a collection to make this morning, and, for the glory of heaven. Which-ever of you stole Mr. Smith's sheep, don't put anything on the plate."

THE TWO ANGELS.—There is a village in Shropshire built on the slope of a hill. At the top is a public-house "The Angel." Down in the valley is another public-house, whose sign is Bacchus on his barrel. The country folks, innocent of mythology, call this inn "The Lower Angel."

CRUELTY DEFEATED.—A man's horse baulking and refusing to move, he adopted the ingenious device employed once by a canal captain; he built a small fire under the animal. As soon as the horse felt the heat he moved at once. He advanced sufficiently to bring the carriage over the flame, and there he paused, to the edification of a crowd of observing citizens, and to the great satisfaction of himself. The fire was quenched without the aid of the department.

EXTRAORDINARY ABSTRACTION.—Lessing, the German author, was, in his old age, subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home one evening, after he had knocked at his door, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognising his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, "The professor is not at home." "O, very well," replied Lessing; "no matter,—I'll call another time!"

THE APOSTLES OF DIRT.—In America, in 1817, one Isaac Bullard set up to be a prophet. With a leathern girdle about his loins, he traversed the country, and a flock of fools followed him and became his disciples. A Christian minister named Joseph Ball believed in Bullard, and a Methodist minister named Holmes also joined the sect. They all put their property into common stock, and Bullard gave to each what he pleased. They were married and unmarried, were rewarded or punished as he directed. Filthiness was their cardinal virtue, and old and young, male and female, rolled in the dirt of the street. Pilgrims they called themselves, and finally migrated to the West in a body. At Cincinnati they were largely reinforced by new members. When they reached New Madrid they made a halt, and there broke up, dispersed, and most of them perished.

WHO MADE IT?—Sir Isaac Newton was once examining a new globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked: "Who made it?" "Nobody," said Sir Isaac: "it happened here." The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

FRANKNESS.—It is reported that a dissenting minister who had been long resident in one town, was not long since invited to take charge of a Church in another town. His former congregation were not noted for their generosity, but at a farewell service presented him with a handsome sum by way of testimonial in recognition of his services. When the presentation took place the dumbfounded minister, hardly conscious of the full import of his words, exclaimed:—"Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,"—but they have never caught me up till now."

PECULIAR PEOPLE.—There is a record of one "Dorrill" at the close of the last century who claimed to be superhuman, and to have power to give immortality to all who believed in him. He and his dupes lived on vegetables, rejected all laws of God or man, and followed the dictates of their own passions. They met once a week to eat, drink, hear Dorrill's exhortations, fiddle and dance. At one of these meetings, a spectator, Capt. Foster, a man of giant frame, heard Dorrill asserting that "no arm of flesh can hurt me." The captain squared off and knocked the impostor heels over head; and as the fellow picked himself up, Foster knocked him down again, and beat him till he renounced his nonsense, and his followers, disgusted, fled from him; and that was the end of Dorrillism.

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Communications to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 19, Mornington-road Bow-road, London, E.

Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, (successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR), Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.